

THE SILENT WORLD.

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No. 11.

ELLEN.*

SHE sits like some enchanted maid,
Amid the thoughtless, joyous throng;
The hallowing hand of heaven is there
To charm her life from care and wrong.

She needs no speech: a power is hers,
More pure, more worthy of the name;
A passionate eloquence, to which
Our uttered words are weak and tame.

The very soul of language fills
Those dark, wild, earnest, pleading eyes;
Each movement talks; each gesture thrills
The gazer's heart, like plaintive sighs.

Oh, could she speak! the soul that pours
Its music *now*, through every glance;
That kindles every wistful smile,
Would *waste*, in words, its wealth perchance.

We should not mark that pale, pure face,
Light up with every waking thought—
Nor watch the eloquent eager grace
Her heart, denied a tongue, has taught.

And could she hear, the discord round—
Gay folly's jest, light flattery's vow—
Would drown the low, sweet hymn of love
That pitying angels sing her now.

—FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

*This poem of the well-known poetess, Mrs. Osgood, is furnished through the kindness of Mr. Trist, of Philadelphia. It was written of a young deaf-mute lady, a graduate of the American Asylum, and has never before been published.

JIMMY WHITE'S DUMB FRIEND.

[Concluded.]

It seemed to Jimmy that he had been there for hours when he heard a faint crackle in the woods near him. A full minute he listened, every sense alert, and heard it again. Another minute of maddening anxiety and he heard it nearer, and now something dragged itself out of the shadow up to him and laid a cold nose against his hand. It was Trip. Bruised and bleeding, but Trip, and alive. Jimmy could only move the fingers of the hand nearest the dog, and touch the poor wounded head, but the dog crept nearer, and licked his face and whined pitiously, and dragged himself away, and then back. Three times he did this, whining and licking his face and hands each time. The fourth time he did not come back.

"Oh," thought Jimmy, after another half hour of agony, "he has crept away to die."

But where was the "yaller dog" at the end of this half hour? A long way on the road back to the village. A slow and weary journey it was, to be sure; but he had achieved over half of it.

Poor, ignominious Trip; what is your object? What motive actuates you? It cannot be that a dog reasons; much less a dog of your despised breed. And even if you reason, what motive is powerful enough to urge your maimed and bleeding body this weary distance over the snow, staining it as you go with your own blood? I seem to hear Trip make answer—Love. But Trip, love is a human attribute; the highest and purest.

At ten minutes of nine the village postmaster stepped out on the sidewalk and stumbled over a dog just climbing the steps.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, stooping over him.

Going back into the store, he took a small lamp from the counter and went out to examine.

"Lew!" he called to the clerk, "come out here! Here's Jimmy White's dog all battered to pieces. What the old Harry does this mean? He went by here with his dog just about dark, and said he was going out to the widdier Ricker's." Three or four men came out of the store and gathered about the dog, who whined and moaned and looked up in their faces, and began to drag himself back by the way he had come.

"This must be seen to, boys," said Mr. Griggs. "There's something wrong here. The dog acts queer, and nobody ever saw him and Jimmy White apart before."

In five minutes a lantern was at hand, and four or five men, excited and anxious, set out with the dog. And now, cheered and encouraged, he got over the ground at a middling pace. Guide them well, good Trip. Keep up a stout heart and struggle on. These higher intelligences, following you step by step, are dependent upon you for information that would turn them cold with horror if they so much as dreamed of it. On, on, over the still, lonely road, under the dark trees again, past the spot where Jimmy saw the meteor, step by step they follow, and now he turns aside. The men part the thick branches and follow him. The light shines in. The first thing Jimmy sees is Mr. Griggs' lantern shining upon and irradiating the fur cap and the kind face under it.

O, joy, joy, joy! but what is he bending over, and watching so intently? Why, dear, blessed, brave old Trip, to be sure, crawling in the bright light up to his hand again. How the tears surge up now for the first time, and overflow and almost choke him.

"Will he be too late?"

With a quick exclamation Mr. Griggs springs forward and removes the gag from his mouth, and then before they so much as touch his fastenings, he looks up in their faces, gasps, once, twice, and then shrieks out in a voice they will remember to the latest hour of their lives—

"Haley's bridge! Haley's bridge! run! run for your lives, or you will be too late!"

Gathering his meaning as much from the mortal fear in his face as from the words he uttered, they dashed away, leaving Mr. Griggs to gather the particulars from the frantic boy, and to get him and Trip back to the village.

"They will have time, Jimmy," he assured him again and again before he could convince him that it was only half-past nine.

They were sitting by the stove in the store, Trip in Mr. Griggs' arms, when the train whistled at Haley's bridge, and Jimmy fell fainting to the floor.

The Hapworth carriage was at the depot to receive the Judge and his friends. But the Judge and his friends, and everybody on the train and about the depot, are going wild, if we are to judge from appearances. For the men had signalled and stopped the train at Haley's bridge, coming on to the village upon it, and telling their story, and Mr. Griggs' and Jimmy's and Trip's appearance at the store had roused the village. Fathers, brothers, husbands, mothers, sisters, and wives rush out of the cars and are embraced by weeping friends and relatives, although they may have been absent but a day, for it is known now among them all that obstructions had been found

upon Haley's bridge which would have hurled the whole train 30 feet, into the rocky gorge below.

The Judge stands on the platform, pale, but strong as a rock. His wife and his little daughter Lou are hanging about him, weeping; but his daughter Grace stands with a white and thankful face between him and a noble-looking man at his right hand.

Before two days had passed the ruffians who planned the diabolical deed were captured, confessed all, and in due time met their full reward. But long before their capture the Judge and his wife visited the shoemaker's cottage. Others had sought interviews with the boy and had been denied, for a strange mood was on him, people said, and he would receive no congratulations, no praise, no reward. Knowing this, and understanding him partly, the Judge and his wife would not be denied.

It was a cloudy afternoon, and Jimmy remembers distinctly to this day how the drifting rain-clouds settled over the hills and the haze filled the valley.

Trip was dead. And although his dog's fame had gone all over the country, the boy's heart was sore. He was sitting by the window, thinking, thinking sadly. He was not a remarkably strong boy, and had not recovered from the effects of his fright and exposure. His feet had been frozen, and vinegary Mrs. White had wrapped them in flannels, and he was sitting listlessly by the window when the Judge and his wife drew up.

Mr. White met them at the door, and repeated, with many apologies of his own, Jimmy's supplication to be let alone. But they came in. Jimmy had often seen the Judge, but never his wife.

Mrs. Hapworth was a slight woman, with low, smooth forehead, and bright dark eyes, plainly but elegantly dressed. Jimmy was charmed at once by her winning manner, and still he held aloof. Something in him rebelled at receiving favors at their hands. His visitors, with true tact and delicacy, perceived this from the first, and very charmingly managed was the conversation. It was of no use. The boy was silent and taciturn, and at the end of an hour they were no nearer their object than when they came. The shoemaker's glistening eyes and ardent expectancy annoyed Jimmy inexpressibly, but it was he who brought things "to a focus" at last, as he expressed it.

"Jimmy deserves somethin' better, sir," he broke out, unable to bear the suspense longer. "I relinquish all claim on him, now and forever. I'll burn the papers, here afore your eyes, and if you can do anything to give Jimmy a start in life, say so, and done with it."

Then the Judge and his lady urged their love, their deep respect, their gratitude, with all the force of eloquence. It was of no avail.

"I can't," he burst out, getting up on the flannel rags and limping across the room in his excitement. "I know what you mean; I know you—you are honorable about it—you—see—but I *can't*, I *won't* have it so. Don't think I don't understand you. I do; but I can't do anything else, and that's all there is about it, you see."

The boy never forgot the look the Judge gave him, nor the broken words he said. As for Mrs. Hapworth, she kissed and cried over him in true motherly fashion, and Jimmy almost broke down at this, and after they had visited Trip's grave they rode away planning between themselves how they should benefit this truly noble boy; but their plans all came to naught, for in a week Jimmy White had left the place, and shoemaker White could not be prevailed upon to disclose concerning him.

"Yer see," he said, shaking his head slowly when the Judge expostulated, "its no use, as Jimmy says; I don't understand

that boy, sir, but I've gin him my sollum word I'll keep his secret, and I will. The fact is, the boy can't be made to see as he's done anything, Judge. He gin the praise all to the dog, an' what he's gone through he don't take no credit for."

Public authorities made a nine days' wonder of the affair, and advertised for the boy, and all efforts proving useless the matter ended there. But from this time forth the boy was as a beautiful legend, or an enshrined saint, or some pure and sacred thing, set apart and consecrated in the Judge's family. Grace remembered and treasured up her last look of him upon that long-remembered morning. The Judge and his wife made the recital of their last interview with him a sweet and tender story, that was told over and over again in the evening by the firelight. And golden-haired Lou grew up with this idea of him in her mind. All that was brave, romantic, and beautiful, gathered about this lost and lonely boy. All sweetness and mystery associated itself with him.

Fifteen years pass away. The shoemaker's wife is dead, and the old man spends his days in happy independence, supplied with every comfort by some mysterious means, which puzzle his neighbors sorely.

Lou Hapworth, a sweet and beautiful girl, graduates at a famous institution, and the professor of languages at the institution where she graduates takes it into his head to spend his summer vacation at her native village. This professor is a young man of twenty-five, but already a ripe scholar, a traveller, and a clear and deep thinker.

Lou Hapworth, with her pure heart, clear eyes, her intellect, and her beauty, has won his love, and she—she is conscious of his interest in her, though never yet expressed; is profoundly interested in him, and would long ere this have given him some hopeful token, had it not been for a shadowy, strange, beautiful, scarce-acknowledged dream, which she had cherished in her heart ever since away back in her happy childhood—a something that had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, until it seems that to tear it out of her heart would be like robbing her life of its dearest hope; and yet how vague, how unreal, how uncertain a thing it is.

Some thought of this forced itself upon her one balmy summer night, as she sat under the trellis on the piazza, and heard the professor's voice among their summer guests in the parlor. He had taken rooms at the village hotel, and the gossips pronounced him an indefatigable walker. Hours and days he was reported absent from his rooms, and the trophies of his tramps made him famous; but often he was an honored guest at the Hapworth house, and the old Judge and his son-in-law and successor delighted in the society of the talented and worthy young man. Something in the very thought of him thrilled Lou Hapworth strangely.

"O, how easy a thing it would be," she thought, "to love this man who loves me, were it not for my beautiful, holy dream!"

The sunset faded and the pale moon rose, and the stars came out slowly, and still she sat among the vines; and the professor sought her there and told her in passionate language the story of his great love.

It shook her very soul. That this man among men should seek her love, and she must refuse him; and sobbing as if her heart would break, knowing how noble, how generous, how good he was, she opened her heart to him, and told him what she had told no human being ever before.

"Because you are so worthy, so more than deserving of my confidence," she said, drooping before him, "and because I deserve to humiliate myself before you, I will tell you all my foolishness."

Then, in tears and grief, she drew a picture as only love and tender reverence could draw it, and he saw as with spirit eyes

the part this lonely boy had taken in her life. How all tenderness, and mystery, and gratitude had hallowed him to her. His loneliness, his nobility of spirit, his high, sensitive soul, the uncertainty of his fate, she held before him as in a mirror. No wonder that his tears dropped over her face when she had finished, or that in strong excitement he turned away and left her where she stood.

Another sunset came and dropped its gold upon the hill-tops and in the fertile valley, and Lou Hapworth, throwing a light shawl over her white dress, wandered sadly out into the fir forest.

The conversation and amusements of her guests had no charms for her; the professor she had not seen for the day. Further and further she wandered on, until the shadows lengthened about her, and she heard the farm boy call the cows up, and saw the last red gleam of sunset die out among the trees.

She had almost reached the back road which led to shoemaker White's, when she came out suddenly behind the old man himself—and the tall form beside him—her heart gave a bound as she recognized the subject of her thoughts, Professor Garfield. She had never seen him so excited, so joyous. He held the old man's hand, and tenderly smoothed his bared, gray head.

"To-night," she heard him say, "I shall tell my darling all. And then, between us few, this matter must remain a secret still, for the present at least. I will not have the unpleasant notoriety mingled with my happiness; and now, good night."

"Good night!" answered the old man, clasping his arm fervently, in a burst of emotion; "ever since I fust know'd ye you have been a comforter to me, Jimmy. Forgive an old man's foolishness, but you are my Jimmy still; I should know ye for him ef ye was ten times the handsome gentleman ye be. Good night!" And then they both turned and saw her.

INCIDENTS OF THE PERSIAN FAMINE.

FOREIGN papers relate some deplorable results of the fearful state of things in Persia. Recently, among the new arrivals at Bunder Abbas, a small seaport in the Muscat dominions, there were two brothers. One of them accidentally fell into the sea while stepping from a boat, but was saved after a hard search of one hour. The unfortunate lad, however, lost his senses from that day, and is now a helpless maniac. But the most unfortunate and rather romantic circumstance in connection with this is, that the other brother also, some days after, fell by accident into the sea at the same port, and was picked up by the sailors. But the result of this latter accident, in this case, was quite different. The poor victim has become deaf and dumb. They had lost their parents during the journey. There is another young man, about 16 years old, in the asylum, who suffers from a contraction of the tongue. On arriving at Bunder Abbas he secretly concealed himself in the engine-room of the steamer which was about to start for Bombay. He was, however, discovered in this state, and some people inconsiderately terrified him by saying that he would be killed by the Persian governor for his conduct. The consequence of his sudden terror was a contraction of the tongue, which has rendered him, at least for the present, dumb. Again, there are two blind sisters, of eight and four respectively. They are orphans, and are blind from their birth. They first started from Persia with their mother and brother. The former died during the journey, and the latter on board the steamer. They, however, by the help of God, reached Bombay, though there was no one to look after them—so young, and moreover blind. They had another sister in Persia, also blind.

By the buggalow which arrived on the 19th ult., has arrived a very lovely girl of about 20. Her really romantic and interesting account attracts our attention. Her father, now

dead, being unable to pay his debts, was forcibly converted to Mahomedanism by his Moslem creditor, and she, with her five brothers and sisters, also had to abandon the ancestral religion. The girl was then only three years old. After some years she was married to a Mogul. Soon after this the convert father died, and the present famine began to make its ravages. The Mogul husband and the Parsee wife, consequently, came down to India, on a mutual agreement that they would become Zoroastrians as soon as they reached Bombay. It seems that they were true to their word. They applied to be taken into "the faith" at Bunder Abbas, but nobody seems to have paid them any attention. On arriving in Bombay harbor the matter became public even on board the buggalow. The Mogul wanted to go among his brethren, and demanded that his wife should accompany him, but she positively refused to go with her husband, and came to the Chowpatty Asylum. The enraged husband sought the assistance of the police, but was told that he could ask for redress elsewhere. She is still in the asylum. There is an old man named Hormuzd, whose father was 122 years old, and who delighted in 150 grandsons and granddaughters. After some years the train extended to such a length that the old grandpa could not even make out who addressed him by the name of grandpa. His usual question was, "My dear, which of my daughter's sons are you?"

AN ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

A PITTSBURG, Penn., paper, of several months back, contained an advertisement announcing the elopement of two deaf-mutes from Alleghany City, named respectively Thomas Pollock and Arabella Martin. The following are the particulars:

Pollock had called for the first time at the residence of Miss Martin's parents, on Western avenue, a short time before, representing himself to be the travelling agent for a commercial establishment in Detroit, and saying that he was desirous of selling certain goods by sample. In the course of his visit he chanced to meet Miss Martin, who is about 26 years of age, and has been dumb from infancy. Both being versed in the peculiar language of persons in their situation, they were not slow in forming an acquaintance, and numerous communications passed between them. Finally, Pollock left, but promised to return. On the occasion of his next visit, he had further conversation with Miss Martin, and the result of this intimacy was that he proposed for her hand in marriage, representing meanwhile that his business was lucrative, and that he possessed ample means to provide for her, and make her happy. The father of the girl did not, however, favor the suit, and so the amorous Michigan man felt himself compelled to cease his visits. Thus ended the first act of the drama.

One Sunday, soon after, Miss Martin left her home for the purpose of attending Sabbath-school, which was announced to be held for the benefit of the deaf-mutes on Franklin street, Pittsburg. She had been accustomed to attend it before, and the circumstance did not excite any particular attention on the part of her parents. When night came, however, and she not having yet returned, they naturally grew anxious about her. Inquiries were made, but no information of the missing one was obtained until next day, when Mr. Martin was informed that Pollock had met her at the Sabbath-school, and that she was last seen in his company. The father had no doubt that they went away together, but was uncertain whether the girl went with Pollock voluntarily, or was taken away by force, for, our informant remarks, the latter measure could be easily accomplished, owing to her inability to make any outcry. (What say you, deaf-mutes? Is it impossible for you to scream?)

The sequel of the story has not yet transpired.

THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, JUNE 1, 1872.

OUR readers should not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity presented them of securing one of the best sewing-machines in the market. The Weed Family Favorite has not been before the public as long as some others, but its superiority in simplicity, ease of running, and all the qualities desirable in a good machine, are fast securing it the first place in the estimation of all competent judges. A sewing-machine like it is what is needed in every family, and we take pride in offering it as a premium. Get us sixty-five subscribers and we will give you one.

THE second annual report of the West Virginia Institution has been received, and in looking it over we observe the following: "We aim to make the pupils social while in the dining-room; to this end each table is occupied by both boys and girls, seated on opposite sides." This plan is, if we mistake not, adopted from the Ohio Institution, and it has many very strong recommendations. Both sexes will be apt to be very much neater in dress and manner, and it has a refining influence which lifts the dining-table above the level of the swill-trough. Besides, it has somewhat the flavor of home and home influences. We are pleased to observe this growing desire to increase the sociality of the pupils; and it is in pleasing contrast to some whom we have seen order a talkative pupil to "gulp, not gab;" if not in these words, at least in signs as brutal. We cannot help thinking that social intercourse between the two sexes in our institutions is generally prohibited altogether too much for their purity of mind and stability of character. The report shows an increase among the pupils to nearly twice the number in school at the date of the last report. It is thought there will be eighty next term. New buildings are going up, and everything is in a prosperous condition.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

NOW, THEN, ALTOGETHER!

To the Editor of *The Silent World*:

DEAR SIR: As you have admitted an article criticising my communication to you in *THE SILENT WORLD* of March 15, and as you have commented freely on a paragraph in the last report of the Clarke Institution concerning myself, I trust you will be sufficiently liberal to kindly allow me the space to reply to both, and make one or two other observations *apropos* of this subject.

I would advise J. R. B. to read, attentively, Dr. Eadie's *Life of Kitto*. Kitto was in his fourteenth year when he became deaf; and as to his not in after life availing himself of the services of a teacher of articulation, I am led to think that it was simply because he could not. The fact that he was deaf six years before he knew that there was any means of communication such as the finger alphabet shows how little he was in the way of knowing of any improvements that were then suggesting themselves to the minds of the friends of the deaf. If he heard of them afterwards, he was too advanced in age

and too absorbed in his literary occupations to profit by them. He had been deaf but a few years when the attempt was made to induce him to rely on his voice; and it is his own testimony, the testimony of his friends, of his wife—with which I could fill several pages—that he spoke English in such a manner that it was easier for foreigners than for English-speaking people to understand him. His voice was such an unnatural one that if he spoke on the street everybody about him turned round to stare. His pronunciation of certain words was always defective. He never used his voice with any ease or satisfaction, and on that account disliked to converse with strangers. So much, then, for the effects of purely unscientific practice. I think I have had the opportunity of testing to the utmost what can be done in this matter without a trained teacher. My mother did what she could, but gave it up in despair. Other friends, both at home and abroad, have tried their best with me. But I have no time, now, to dwell on my own experience. If J. R. B. will take the trouble to read my three articles in *Heart and Home*, he will see that I knew what I was talking about when I gave my testimony in favor of the Clarke Institution. That testimony shall stand as I have written it. I shall never blot a word of it. I will add, moreover, that I think it simply impossible for any one who has been deaf as long as I have, and who, from childhood into riper life, has carried a fixed, bad habit of using only the upper tones of the voice for a period of, say, from fifteen to twenty years, to recover the use of the chest tones without the aid of hearing, unless they have the most devoted assistance of a person who understands the subject perfectly from previous practical teaching and some acquaintance with the natural laws which govern the voice. It would be much easier to do it in earlier life, when the habit has not been so long fixed. I regard it especially difficult in the case of a woman, the feminine voice being prone to exaggerate the higher notes in the scale; while I am not surprised that Dr. Kitto's voice was defective in quite a different direction, being of an unearthly deepness, for the voices of men lean rather to the bass notes than to the treble.

Now, what was the paragraph in the last report of the Clarke Institute which called forth the strictures of *THE SILENT WORLD*?

Simply this: "Miss Laura C. Redden, of whom an account was given in the last report, has continued under instruction during the year. She controls her voice with increased facility, and reads the lips more readily." It is the rule to notice the progress of each class separately; and as I am not in any class for instruction, but form a class by myself, as it were, there is all the more reason for devoting a few words particularly to reporting my improvement. These few words could not, I think, have been made more modest and moderate than they are. They aim at nothing else than to furnish the necessary information in the fewest possible words.

And now, sir, what do you know of me and of my circumstances, of my efforts and of my teachers, that you should say that my case is in nowise unusual? Have you kept any notes of my peculiar disabilities at the out-set, and of my progress from the first? Have you heard me speak before and after being under instruction? Unless you can answer all these questions satisfactorily, I decline to accept you as a judge in my case.

You say you don't consider my progress remarkable. I must say, in return, that I consider the progress of the students in the National College at Washington, as reported by you, quite so; especially if their cases are parallel with my own. But I should consider them much more remarkable if they had occurred before the champions of schools exclusively for articulation had set the fashion in this sort of thing. However, it is not too late yet. And I am sincerely pleased, as much as I

have been about anything for some time, to see that the President of the National College is setting an example to his colleagues by teaching articulation. A thousand thanks, Mr. Galaudet! Go on in the good work. We, over here, shall not complain if you beat the Clarke Institution all hollow in a fair fight, if only you will teach the dumb to speak and the deaf to understand. And I, for one, will be the first to sing, *Laus Deo!* because of you. As for such opponents as "Kouponeti," in *The Deaf-Mute Advance*, anybody who calls a woman "a female" when there is no special need of doing it is not a foe worthy of my steel. That is all the comment that I have to make on the pure Doric style of this charmingly classic writer.

To be able to judge me fairly in this matter, you ought to read, first, *my seven articles*, "The Children of Silence," in *The New York Evening Mail* of last winter; secondly, two articles called "*Lip Language for the Deaf*," in *The Christian Union*, of this spring, (written by special request;) and, thirdly, "After Years of Silence," in "*Hearth and Home*," also by request. Your cordial well-wisher,

HOWARD GLYNDON.

CLARKE INSTITUTE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,
May 8, 1872.

[In reply to the above, we have to say that we know nothing of Howard Glyndon, of her circumstances, of her efforts, of her teachers, of her disabilities, or of her progress, except what we have been able to glean from a perusal of all those articles which she recommends to us. Reading them, we have no reason to suppose that her experience in any important particular differs materially from our own, or from that of the students referred to, or from that of scores of semi-mutes throughout the land. And it is in comparison with our own experience, and with the experience of others like Howard Glyndon, that we say her case is nowise remarkable. We think the day is long since past in which things of this character are to be regarded as miraculous. That a human being, once possessing the full powers of speech, should by patient teaching be brought to regain those powers, is to us as plain a fact as that a body which has fallen to the earth may be raised again by the exertion of sufficient force; and the latter is about as remarkable as the former. We have little patience with the style of extolling the efforts of those engaged in the work of deaf-mute instruction which is so much in vogue. It is a work not a whit more wonderful than thousands of the commonest things which we meet with in our daily life. Tell us that a man does this work well, and with ability; but cease asking us to acknowledge this and that as an extraordinary and well-nigh miraculous performance. We can admire a teacher and praise the results he accomplishes, and heartily believe in him, too, without going into any such extravagancies.]

In conclusion, we would say that our correspondent mistakes the intent of the remarks that have offended her. They were not meant as a criticism on the paragraph in the Clarke Institution Report, but were simply intended to convey a fact which was of interest to the friends and former inmates of the Washington Institution. Their place in the "*College Record*" shows this. The paragraph in the report suggested them, and Miss Redden's case was a parallel one, which was spoken of to introduce and bring into prominence the success here met with. None are more willing than we to acknowledge the good work the Clarke Institution is accomplishing, and we have no hesitation in affirming our belief that, in its particular branch, it far surpasses any institution not specially devoted to articulation, and we have not the least idea of entering the Institution in Washington against it.]

NEW YORK, May 6, 1872.

MESSRS EDITORS: May I ask Mr. Flourney if *bigamy* will not do as well as *trigamy*? Jacob had two wives; so had the

father of Samuel; so had Lamech, the first, who is recorded as having more than one. I do not just now recollect any example of *three* wives.

I am inclined to think that J. J. F. is mistaken in saying the primitive christians practised polygamy. Saint Paul expressly says a bishop should be the husband of one wife. Does this imply that lay members of the church could have two or three? Probably very few commentators will admit that inference.

J. R. B.

THE CLERIC MEMORIAL.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF,
NEW YORK, May 15, 1872.

The organizing committee, appointed by the National Convention at Albany, September 1, 1871, will very soon present the constitution they have been preparing for a union of all the societies working for the Cleric Memorial. The secretary of every such society, whether represented at Albany or not, will please inform the undersigned at once of his address, the name and address of the president, and the number of printed copies he desires.

It is hoped that, after a reasonable time for consideration, every society will send in its votes on the adoption of the constitution, and for national officers. No nominations will be made by the committee. The form and place of the Memorial will be left for future decision under the new organization.

The year during which the committee was empowered to act expires on the 1st of September, but several local associations have been called to meet late in August, and may wish to vote. The committee think it will be only proper to wait till these conventions can be heard from before announcing the votes.

No one can desire more ardently than the members of the committee the speedy completion of their task. But few others can understand how difficult and delicate the task has been. The committee would have been unworthy the confidence reposed in them if they had hastily presented an imperfect constitution, certain to be rejected by many, to give ground for serious disputes, and, by the failure of this attempt, to make future efforts at union almost hopeless. They preferred to take the time expressly given them, and do their best. In this decision they feel sure of the approval of the public.

HENRY WINTER SYLE,
Secretary.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE DUMB MAN.

ONE afternoon during a camp-meeting held in Bolton, Connecticut, in 1859, at the close of the sermon, a man who had been deaf and dumb from his birth was invited upon the preachers' stand to relate his experience.

Miss Frederika Bremer, the beloved and honored Swedish writer, was greatly interested in the care and support of a small asylum for mutes in the place of her residence. She gave it the touching name of the "Silent Home."

And this address, to which the writer gave his attention, might well have been called a "silent sermon;" but it was also one of the most eloquent and affecting discourses upon the atonement that he ever heard.

First, the dumb man described his condition before he found a Saviour. He pointed to the ground, and represented himself as lying upon it and covered with dust. He had been an intemperate man, and he showed us, more significantly than if he had spoken, into how sad a condition his habits had brought him. Where could a Saviour for such a helpless sinner be found? He turned his eyes to heaven; he pictured the Son of God among the angels receiving their adoration and worship. He represented His coming down to earth, His birth

as a little babe, His growing to manhood, His going about healing the lame, the blind, the deaf. The audience under the trees were hushed into unwonted silence. Only the rustling of the summer wind through the leaves could be heard. Now he painted Gethsemane and Calvary; the prayers, the tears, the agony of Jesus. He touched the places of the nails in His blessed hands and feet, of the spear in His side. He showed how His sacred head was crowned with thorns. Then he stood still before the silent multitude with hands outstretched like one nailed to a cross. It was the cross itself preaching. Not an eye wandered in that immense company, and not a heart was unmoved. Many faces were bathed with tears, and suppressed sobs began to be heard.

Now he went back to the poor sinner in the dust. He pointed his finger to the place where he was lying in his helpless misery; then he pointed to himself as if he would say, "I was that poor sinner." He then turned his eyes as looking intently upon the One hanging upon the cross. He lifted toward the cross his right hand, and then brought it down upon his heart with an indescribable look of loving trust. It was as if he had said aloud, but how much more impressive, "He died for me!"

What a shout broke from the lips of that congregation as they saw before their eyes, in that wonderful vision, the dying Saviour and the despairing sinner brought together. How the peace that followed that union shone upon the dumb man's face! The prostrate sinner was raised up. A pure robe was placed upon him. His heart gushed with overflowing love, and he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven in adoring praise, while the people, overwhelmed by this unheard, but felt experience, shouted aloud for joy.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

ELOQUENCE AND GESTURES.

"'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word"—
and "— the mute gesture"—
"By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirr'd."

WHEN asked What is the first requisite of eloquence? Demosthenes said, "Action." "The second?" "Action." "The third?" "Action." This answer of "the prince of eloquence" demonstrates that—

"To make the soul, by tender strokes of art,
To move the passions, and to melt the heart,"

the use of gestures is indispensable. The eye must be addressed as well as the ear. Look and gesture must be employed as well as words. Mere words, no matter if invested with the most charming rhetorical flow and logical accuracy, delivered unaided by gestures, will fail to accomplish the grand purposes of oratory. Orations, soul-stirring under the spur of the animated countenance, the eager eyes, the expression changing with the feelings, and the gestures rapid and appropriate, have been pronounced, when read, as Shakespeare would say, "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

The ancients recognized the language of gestures as the most effective weapon of the armory of eloquence. They studied it, valued it, and practised it. History tells us that Roscius could express a wonderful variety of emotions and passions by mere gestures, throwing his whole soul into his features and into every motion of his body. Cicero understood its power when he went in later years, and in the zenith of his fame, to take lessons from this great tragical actor.

The following two anecdotes illustrate the powerful effect of gesture:

A young preacher, of a prepossessing appearance, and an agreeable voice and manner, having mounted the pulpit, was suddenly seized with loss of memory, and completely forgot his sermon. To have come down again would have been

disgraceful. If he tried to preach, he had nothing to say. What was to be done in this extremity? He resolved to stand firm, and to make the most of his voice and gestures, without using any but imperfect and unconnected expressions, such as, "in fact, but, if, and again, to conclude," and so on. Never did a preacher appear to possess such fire. He bellowed, he uttered pathetic exclamations, he clapped his hands, he stamped with his feet—everything shook about him, the very vault of the church echoed with his vehemence. The audience remained in profound silence; every one put forward his head, and redoubled his attention to understand what was perfectly unintelligible. Those who were near the pulpit said, "We are too near; we can hear nothing." Those who were farther off regretted the distance at which they sat, thinking they were losing the finest thing in the world. In short, the preacher kept his audience on the stretch for three-quarters of an hour, and retired with the approbation of the whole audience—each of whom determined next time to choose his seat better, in order not to lose the fruits of such a discourse.

Some years ago, among a thousand others, we were listening to one of his (William C. Preston's) harangues from the stump. Beside us was one as deaf as a post, in breathless attention, catching, apparently, every word that fell from the orator's lips. Now the tears of delight would roll down his cheeks, and now, in an ungovernable ecstasy, he would shout out applause, which might have been mistaken for the noise of a small thunder-storm.

At length Preston launched out one of those passages of massive declamation which those who have heard him know him to be capable of uttering. In magnificent splendor it was what Byron has described as the mountain-storms of Jura. Its effect upon the multitude was like a whirlwind. Our deaf friend could contain himself no longer, but bawling into our ear as if he would blow it open with a tempest, he cried,

"Who's that a-speaking?"

"William C. Preston!" replied we, as loud as our lungs would let us. "Who?" inquired he, still louder than before.

"William C. Preston, of South Carolina,!" replied we, almost splitting our throat in the effort.

"Well, well!" returned he, "I can't hear a word he or you are saying; but, great Jericho! don't he do the motions splendid!"

R. P.

COLLEGE RECORD.

GREENE, '70, is getting up his muscle. He is now one of the members of the committee of management of the "Belleville Yachting and Rowing Club."

A STRAY dog has been adopted by a compassionate Fresh, and he has taught him to fetch the ball. So, when Fresh is lazy, his dog does his fielding for him.

MR. PHILIP G. GILLET, principal of the Illinois Institution, spent Tuesday, the 21st ult., in Washington. He had been to New York attending the Methodist Conference.

THE first thunder-storm of the season was enjoyed last week. There was a regular cascade in the Hall during its continuance. O, shade of Naylor! can'st thou rest in peace?

THE SILENT WORLD is always for sale at Mrs. M. E. Schwartz's bookstore, 323 Pennsylvania avenue, and at Shepherd's, corner of 7th and F streets, opposite the Post Office and Patent Office.

THE game between our nine and the Jeffersons was postponed on account of the rain. The same is to be said of the game with the Potomacs which was to have taken place last week, Wednesday.

IT is always a pleasure to leave the dust and heat of the city streets and step into Freund's, 1101 Pennsylvania avenue. There is not a better store in the city, and the ice cream that is served quickly transports one to the seventh heaven. And then the strawberries! The seclusion of his little back parlor, the coolness and repose, the attentive waiters, the delicious sense of having a freezing tongue, a cool wind-pipe, and a something melting down in the midst of us, always impels us to raise our editorial hands and bless Freund. You just try it, and see if it ain't so.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. WM. L. M. BREG, of the Michigan Institution, has lately, we regret to learn, been confined to his bed by attacks of bilious fever.

GOVERNOR JEWELL, of Connecticut, in his message to the legislature, speaks well of the American Asylum, and mentions the fact that there are now 31 deaf and dumb in the State of suitable age who are not now receiving instruction. "The main building of the American Asylum," he says, "is more than half a century old, and is not up to the standard of the age in comfort and convenience. At no distant day it may, perhaps, be the duty of this State to assist this Institution in the erection of a building with such improvements as the experience of fifty years may suggest."

WE have received a letter from the New York Institution purporting to give the particulars of a free fight that occurred on the ball-ground on the morning of the 11th of May, during the progress of which a supervisor was knocked down with a bat, and some members of the Epsilon Sigma were roughly handled. Finally, the superintendent and principal, being unable to quell the riot, called in the services of twelve policemen, who brought the turbulent boys to their senses. Three of the ringleaders were expelled and one was sent to the House of Refuge. We do not understand from the letter the cause of the disturbance.

THE South Carolina Institution, at Spartanburg, will close this month for an indefinite period. This course is rendered necessary on account of the impossibility of obtaining the funds appropriated for its support by the legislature, there being no money in the State treasury. The officers and teachers have gone for several months without any compensation whatever; even the necessities of life have been obtained on credit. In all other respects the Institution is in a flourishing condition, and it is sad to see what was once a school of much promise thus arrested in its career of usefulness. The buildings are substantial ones of brick, large and roomy, and beautifully situated; and we hope earnestly that the disordered state of society in the South which enforces their idleness will soon come to an end.

It will be remembered by our readers that in Vol. I, No. 4, of THE SILENT WORLD, we noticed a change in the government of the Kansas Institution, whereby the principal was made principal of the educational department only, and compelled to reside out of the Institution. Things did not get on very happily under this arrangement, and the school was visited by a legislative committee, who reported that the state of affairs "reminded them of Barnum's Happy Family, the elements of discord being only suppressed for the moment." Thereupon the legislature framed and passed another bill giving Mr. Jenkins entire control of the Institution, and making him *ex officio* secretary of the Board of Trustees, and requiring him to board in the Institution. The immediate cause of this change was a conflict of authority between the principal and steward.

INSTITUTION FOR IMPROVED INSTRUCTION, NEW YORK.

THIS school gave an exhibition on the 16th of May to an appreciative audience, at Association Hall.

After a short history of deaf-mute education, delivered by the president, Dr. Blumenthal, Mr. Rising, the principal, illustrated the methods pursued at his school by calling up members of every class, beginning with those who had been under instruction only a few months, and ending with those who had been at the school four or five years. One class, at a signal from their teacher, gave a loud huzza, which, for earnestness, might have answered for a political gathering. Some of the answers of the pupils were rather amusing. For instance, one of them, on being asked "Who will be the next President?" answered, "I rather think Horace Greeley will." The highest class was examined in history, grammar, arithmetic, and geography; and one of the little girls drew a very good map of New York State. Several questions were asked by the audience and satisfactorily answered by the pupils.

C. R. THOMSON.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS' CORNER.

THE authorities of the Eastern State penitentiary, at Philadelphia, have subscribed for THE SILENT WORLD, and directed us to send it to No. 6609. Whoever 6609 is, he has our sympathy, and our wishes for a speedy release and a reform of life.

MR. PAUL LIPTAY, a Hungarian gentleman, connected with the press of his native country, and at present travelling in the United States, writes from New Orleans that he has heard THE SILENT WORLD greatly praised, and wishes several copies to send to the institutions in Hungary.

As a rule, we do not publish letters complimentary to ourselves; but we cannot resist the temptation to lay the following before our readers, as it comes from a lady who has "an opinion as is an opinion," and is not bashful about expressing it. We commend the letter as a brilliant example of the true feminine style:

NEW YORK, May 9, 1872.

MESSRS EDITORS: We have just moved into new and pleasant quarters. You will please excuse me for troubling you with a few lines. I would not do so were it unnecessary, but it is, as I must give my new address, or the next few copies of your paper may be lost. I think that my term as a subscriber ends with the No. of June 15. I do not know yet as I will renew my subscription for another year.

I will be honest with you, and say that I prefer *The Deaf-Mute Advance*? and I cannot deny that I am very well pleased with it, notwithstanding the blunders that occasionally happen to jump into its columns. I shall stand by it as long as it continues to exist. It seems to me that you editors accept none but the most elaborate and excellent articles written especially by mutes. It is no business of mine to give advice to such learned Solons where it is not wanted. I would write whatever comes uppermost in my mind. However, you cannot but see that *The Advance* has some very able supporters among the most intelligent and influential of the deaf and semi-mutes. I do not include myself in the list, for my calibre is very inferior compared with theirs. I mean to do what I can for *The Advance* alone. If we are to have a paper of our own here, which we probably may, I wish to wash my hands clear of it, if A. Johnson is to sit in the editorial chair. We should have had a journal here years ago; we have been too lazy or something.

Why cannot you end this bickering between your paper and *The Advance*? Are you both so very antagonistically inclined, then?

I will write no more to-night, for certain it is that you all four will open your mouths wide with a sarcastic smile at my poor attempt to defend your opponent in the way of journalism. You are welcome to do so, for it won't hurt me a bit. You may think me unladylike in writing as I do when I know you so little. If so, I must go down on my knees and ask an apology of Solon, Draco, Lycurgus, and Demosthenes. Now do not laugh; be as solemn as a judge. Oh! my thoughts pop right from the point of my pen, despite my efforts to keep them back! You will not care to have me write again soon after this, so I will keep silent hereafter.

Perhaps you may have heard of H. J. Knight—his wife has a little girl.

Respectfully,

LOUISA A. WARTS.

Has it never struck Miss Warts that the bickering she complains of is all on the side of *The Advance*? If she will take the trouble to look over the back numbers of THE SILENT WORLD, she will find next to nothing about *The Advance* in its columns. We sincerely regret to see that Miss W. has permitted the misrepresentations of that paper to affect her opinion of ourselves. We would rather have her trust her own eyes and judge us by what *we* say, and not by what *The Advance* says of us.

THE FORNIGHT.

HOME.

AN acceptable and liberal fall of rain on Sunday, the 19th ult., extended over a very broad tract of country. It rendered valuable service in reviving parched vegetation and putting out the destructive fires which had been raging in the woods in New York State and in other localities.—The late fires have swept away a large amount of property on the line of the Erie, Delaware, and Lackawanna railroads.—The coal miners in Pennsylvania have struck for an advance in wages, and the operators are determined to withstand their demand.—The New York canals have been opened, and it is hoped that there will be plenty of water to float the large quantities of freight awaiting shipment at Buffalo, Oswego, Syracuse, and other important points.—The complaint of scarcity of water is general throughout northern New England and Canada, as well as in the upper lake region. Lumber-men in the northwestern States find no water to float their logs to market, and many streams are now dried up, to the great loss of the lumber-men and all concerned. Navigation on the St. Clair flats has been seriously impeded, and first-class vessels cannot enter some of the lake harbors with full loads. Apprehensions are felt at Montreal as to the results to the business of that city, which depends in a great measure upon water-carriage for its commodities. All this is a serious matter in view of the immense quantities of produce awaiting shipment to the East, for a failure to get them to market will affect almost every branch of industry. Millions of dollars are locked up in inland commerce.—The New England fair is to be held in Lowell, Mass., on the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th of September next.—Judge Barnard has been impeached for his misdeeds by the New York assembly, and is to be tried by the senate.—Judge Cardozo has resigned to escape the impeachment hanging over him.—The failure of the New York city charter leaves in office all the followers of Tweed, except the few who resigned for shame's sake; thus the great uprising against the ring has failed in part to effect the purification of the city administration.—Three million dollars worth of property was destroyed by fires in New York city two weeks ago.—Disorders continue in the Indian Territory, and a vigilance committee has been organized to protect the citizens from outlaws and desperadoes. The Indians are, as usual, attacking passengers and plundering mails.—The number of emigrant arrivals at New York on the 20th ult. was probably greater

than ever before known in a single day. No less than ten steamers arrived, bringing over ten thousand persons. The oddly-dressed, dirty-looking strangers, with their still more quaint bundles and packages, passed out at the Castle Garden gates all day, like a vast army.—The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has put on a semi-monthly line of steamers between the United States and Japan and China.—The Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company has undertaken to establish a line of transatlantic steamers.—It appears that the Washington treaty has not been lost, as it was thought, from the act of the British government in withdrawing from the Geneva Conference. It is proposed to add an article to the treaty to the effect that hereafter neither England nor the United States shall claim of the other indirect damages resulting from a failure to observe neutral duties.

CONGRESS.

PRESIDENT GRANT sent a message to the Senate concerning the negotiations with Great Britain on the question of indirect damages, and the Senate considered it with closed doors.—The Post-Office appropriation bill was taken up in the Senate, and amendments to the bill increasing subsidies to the Pacific Mail Steamship line to \$1,000,000, and for mail service to Brazil to \$400,000, were concurred in, with the provision that the Pacific line be continued between San Francisco and New York, *via* Panama. The sum of \$5,449,000 was voted to meet the Post-Office deficiency.—The Senate spent much time in discussing the supplementary civil-rights bill, which Mr. Sumner had moved to substitute for the amnesty bill. The voting upon it was very close, being several times decided by the casting vote of the Vice-President. The whole matter was finally defeated by a vote of 32 to 22, not two-thirds voting.—The presentation of the majority and minority reports on the sale of French arms led to a controversy between Mr. Sumner and Messrs. Hamlin, Carpenter, and Logan. Mr. Sumner protested against the report, on the ground that the committee was not constituted according to parliamentary law. Mr. Carpenter thought this an insult to the Senate, as that body selected the committee.—The Senate has passed the House bill for the Baltimore and Potomac R. R. Depot site, which has been signed by the President; also the House amnesty bill, and civil-rights bill, and the bill granting a pension of \$2,000 a year to the widow of Admiral Farragut.—The House has done a considerable amount of work. The Senate amendment to the bill abolishing duties on tea and coffee, making it take effect on the 1st of July next, was accepted. This bill has been signed by the President.—The duty on salt has been reduced from ten to eight cents per one hundred pounds.—A reduction of ten cents was also made in the duty on coal-siftings.—The duty on pig-iron was reduced to ten per cent.—A bill removing political disabilities from all engaged in the rebellion, except Senators and Representatives, officers in the judicial, military, and naval service of the United States, and heads of departments and foreign ministers, was passed by the requisite two-thirds vote, without a division. A bill removing political disabilities from 25,000 persons, by name, was also passed.—A bill was passed appropriating \$10,000 for a life-size marble statue of the late Senator Baker, of Oregon, by Horatio Stone.—While the tariff was being amended and reamended, Mr. Dawes moved that the rules be so suspended as to discharge the committee of the whole from further consideration of the tariff and tax-bill now pending, and that the same, as it has been amended in the committee of the whole, do pass. His motion was agreed to. Then Mr. Dawes moved to suspend the rules and concur in the Senate resolution for a final adjournment on the 29th of May, and this motion was also agreed to. The announcement was received with clapping of hands and a general jubilation among the members.—The House passed the bill appropriating \$54,000 for the support of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Washington.

POLITICAL.

WHEN the news of Mr. Greeley's nomination for the Presidency reached New York his friends flocked to *The Tribune* office to congratulate him, but he declined to make a speech, saying a letter would be written at the proper time. A number of his friends fired a salute in honor of his nomination.—*The New York Post*, the organ of the free-traders, pronounces the convention a failure, and the cause of revenue reform betrayed.—Mr. Voorhees, a democratic member from Indiana, fearing his party would endorse the Cincinnati ticket, made a philippic against Mr. Greeley in the House, under cover of a personal explanation.—Senator Ferry, who has been in the U. S. Senate six years and is a republican, has been re-elected for another term by a coalition of the democrats and liberal republicans, in the Connecticut legislature, against Gen. Hawley.—President Grant has removed Gen. Casey, who is, by the way, his brother-in-law, from the collectorship of New Orleans, on account of his unwarranted interference in the political affairs of the State of Louisiana.

FOREIGN.

NEWS has been received from Bombay that Livingston, the African explorer, is safe at Ujiji.—No harm whatever was done to Naples by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, although there were frequent shocks of earthquakes and showers of ashes. The eruption has entirely ceased, but a new trouble has fallen upon the people, a hurricane of terrible violence having swept over the devastated country, greatly damaging the villages and the remaining crops.—A desperate conflict has taken place at Smyrna, between Greeks and Jews,

growing out of a report that the latter, in their religious ceremonies, had sacrificed an infant. Several persons were killed and wounded, and it was necessary to order troops to occupy the city.—The French government has decided to court-martial Bazaine for the surrender of Metz.—The United States navy has been called upon to vindicate the honor of the American flag. The American steamer *Virginus* had been prevented from going out of the harbor of Aspinwall by a Spanish war-steamer, which had watched her movements a long time, with her guns bearing upon her. The U. S. steamer Kansas took a position near the *Virginus*, and escorted her out of the harbor, with her guns shotted and ready to open upon the Spanish steamer in case the latter should fire upon the *Virginus*. The *Virginus* went on her voyage, and the Kansas returned to her anchorage.

A DEAF man in Wisconsin, who selected the railroad for his "constitutional," found the locomotive was as deaf as he, and was run over.

A MAN, supposed to be deaf and dumb, was run over and his body cut in twain on the Jackson railroad, near Kennerlyville, La., on the morning of the 9th of May. His name was not ascertained.

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